GRAPHIC STORY OF COMMANDER PEARY'S QUEST; FOUND RECORDS OF THE GREELEY EXPEDITION

Commander Also Located Food Supplies Which Might Have Saved Men Who Formerly Tried For the Pole—Thrilling Stories by Members of the Crew Are Told For the First Time—Sports and Romance of the Farthest North.

ROOSEVELT SIGHTED.

Sydney, Sept. 19.—(Spl.)—Mrs. Peary got a wireless dispatch from Battle Harbor yesterday advising her that the Roosevelt had left Sydney in the morning.

The Roosevelt was sighted off Point Amone at 8 p. m. yesterday. Unless the weather is very bad she should arrive at Sydney some time tomorrow.

The station at Point Amone wired that when the Roosevelt was sighted there heavy rain and strong easterly winds prevailed.

By Sun Leased Wire.

Sydney, Sept. 19.—He sat on a pile of deep-sea seines before the single sunny window of a stores loft and twenthy men who had hastened 1500 miles or more up to the eaves of the continent squatted cross-legged on the tarry floor. They asked and he answered. What they asked about was his discovery of the north pole. Unreality blurred the sharp angles of the situation.

For a week and more Commander Robert E. Peary had been talking to the world of space that merely shows blue on a flat map. His speech had come down through the air and the cables under the water. The vital and personal in his words had been burned out by the spark that carried them from Labrador. Battle Harbor, where he tarried, had been a name, not a place.

Yet there in Battle Harbor, beneath that four-pane window with the sun shining through, sat Peary, on Thursday morning last and he talked to the correspondents of the newspapers in the world below in words that were earthly. He even once said: "A hell of a——," then quickly corrected himself.

The spell of the careful wireless note was broken. Beyond the window lay the Roosevelt in the harbor, a rawkish craft with a white barrel lashed to the foremast for a crow's nest. In the left where the fishermen's seines were, and out on the boat, stories were told and salted by the zest of the sea. They were polenanding but more of the comedy and tragedy of the land farthest from the sun and life that is lived in a strange region.

This dispatch will strive to give some of the human record of Commander Peary's experience. The eight crowded hours ashore at Battle Harbor were every one of them filled with sixty minutes of narrative-getting and at that they were far too short.

Yet herein are the tales of how McMillan ate the food that would have succored the seventeen under Greeley who starved at Cape Sabine, twenty-six years ago; how the linen cuff of an explorer who never came out of the ice silence was found with the name "Lockwood" penciled on the band; how Whiskey O-que-ah ran the race between the lanterns in the blackness of Greenland's day and won first, the race, and then a bride; and how young Harry Whitney of New Haven is coming down to civilization on the relief ship Jeanne, with his lips sealed with secrets that may be the deciding evidence in the controversy between Peary and Cook.

The dominion government cableship Tyrian, Captain Alec Dickson, commanding, had been placed at the use of the correspondents at Sydney by the Hon. William Pugsley, minister for public works at Ottawa, and on the night of Monday, September 13 she had sailed from North Sydney bound northward.

At 8 o'clock on the morning of Thursday the Tyrian dropped anchor in a howling south-easter just off the entrance to a narrow channel of white water that led between two bold cliffs of granite into an unseen harbor beyond.

From the Tyrian's decks the handful of squat houses on the side of the dim colored mountain and the slate roof of Wilfrid Grenfell's mission hospital marked all the Battle Harbor visible. Over against Caribou island the waves were being driven in floods.

It was in this sea that the correspondents were landed by boat loads. Just as the boats rounded the granite thumb of one of the gulf islands that make Battle Harbor a haven for Newfoundland's fisherfolk the black bow, high rakish spar and thin shaped funnel of the Roosevelt showed, dominating the whole tiny harbor. The burgee of the Peary Arctic club was flying from her main mast and from her mizzen, the stars and stripes.

Nestling close under the dirty black hull of the ship were the slender sparred fishing boats. Like a grand piano in a flat, the Roosevelt lay shouldering all the space in the ribbon of quiet water between the rocks. The pungent smell of rancid grease and of decaying things came down the wind from the ship. Her bow and sides bore the scars of the ice, gouges and sores in the rough wood along the waterline.

The rigging of the mizzen was cluttered with branching shapes that looked like dead trees boughs until nearer sight showed them to be scores of antlered and horned heads of deer and musk-ox, bleached skulls and all. Over the top of the taffrail on forward and after deck showed the tops of crates, slender heels of snow-shoes, the tips of sledges and the round shoulders of great casks.

When the Tyrian's boats drew alongside and the correspondents clambered those of the Roosevelt's crew that were handling paint brushes and swabs, paused in their work to stare curiously and half-quizzlingly at the unwonted spectacle of twenty city-dressed men. There were collars and overcoats, low shoes and sheer hosiery in this city delegation's get-up. The fellows on deck wore strange crinking boots of walrus hide coming up to the thighs, sheepskin jackets, rusty tam-o-shanters.

H. E. Reed of Harper's Magazine in New York, who had hastened up to Battle Harbor on the earliest dispatch boat was at the rail to receive the press delegation. He said that Commander Peary would greet the correspondents in front of his cabin on the main deck.

It was not a sweet journey, that fifty feet or so. Everywhere were pools of water, whitened with congealed whale's blubber and swishing to the efforts of the deck swabs. On the deck next to the stack was the half-dried skeleton of a nar-whale, shreds of flesh clinging about the ribs. In a crate were two timorous arctic foxes and above them, similarily boxed, a family of arctic hares, snowy white and brown-eyed.

Before the correspondents had waited long, the door of the commander's cabin opened, and Peary appeared. Not stagey-melodramatic that appearance, perhaps a little influenced by self-consciousness. He stood there, a tall, loosely knit man whose chest tightened the blue flannel shirt about it, and whose bared head was kept stiffly erect. He had his feet and legs in rubber boots, into the tops of which his trousers were tucked. Nothing covered his shirt. His reddish-gray hair was struggling down a ruff behind his ears and his mustache was frayed at the ends into two furze brushes. His stubbly cheeks were furrowed.

Just an instant Commander Peary stood stiffly at attention, then his reserve broke and he shook the hands of his visitors.

"I appreciate your coming so far," said he, "and I am glad of the chance finally to get into touch with the world through personal contact with the men who write the news. I want to give you all the time you can possibly need, and knowing of your coming, I have secured the use of a loft ashore where we can all be accommodated. I am ready to go there at your pleasure."

Time was limited and the newspaper men snapped up the commander on the dot. He would be glad to go ashore immediately, he said.

Then the delegation with Commander Peary in the lead was ferried across to the rough log wharf where the fishermen were busy collecting and weighing the slabs of salt cod laid out over the moss-grown rocks.

The keeper of the general store, who is at once postmaster, magistrate, steamship agent and mayor of Battle Harbor—John T. Croucher his name is—led the way up a flight of stairs to the loft over his store, and which Peary and his listeners found an auditorium. Just a long low room, shadowed by the bulk of salt casks and bales of pelts and cob-webbed its whole length by seines. The only light came through a square window at the end.

There at the window Peary sat. He beckoned Captain Dickson to a seat on the nets beside him. Peary's walrus-hide booted legs stretched out across the boards. Back on the tops of salt barrels in the dusty corners of the loft sat Mat Henson, the colored companion of Peary who had stood with him in latitude ninety, Professor Donald McMillan of Worcester, Mass., in sweater and fur cap and George Borup, the young Yale man whose identity was almost concealed by the fishermen's boots and the storm sweater he wore.

Captain Bob Bartlett, the skipper who had jammed the Roosevelt through the ice channel, took a seat in the shadow of the commander's throne of seines. The correspondents squatted in a semi-circle on the bare boards like pupils before the master.

There was an instant of silence. No one dared too pen the quizzing of this voluntary court of inquiry. This because the spirit in that store loft of Battle Harbor was not the spirit that dominated that other group of newspaper men who held inquisition over Dr. Cook in a hotel room at Copenhagen. Commander Peary dominated because there was no doubt of his word. He was not on trial. He himself began the session.

"I have told my story already," he said, "that is, most of it. I want you, who have read my story, to ask me any question that you will. I will answer it as best I can."

The correspondents started on just the tack calculated to test the sincerity of Peary's resolution. The first question was whether in making the pole he had opened to the world 30,000 square miles of new land. "No," was the decisive answer.

"Did you find anything to indicate that Cook had passed that way?"

"No."

"Would you have been likely to find traces of his passing had he made the trip he says he did?"

"No," said Peary, and he indulged himself no further on this unpleasant subject.

"Cook went 80 miles to the west of my course he says, and a year in advance of me. I will say it is quite possible for hundreds of other expeditions with equipments like mine to have gone to the pole on routes different from mine without my having seen any trace of them."

When Peary spoke it was deliberately almost pedantically. Each sentence was crisp and concise, there was not a word wasted. He had a knack of clearing his throat before emphasizing a point.

One of the group on the floor wanted to know if it could have been possible for Cook to have faked a set of observations without himself going to the pole.

"In the opinion of Rear Admiral Melville, Admiral Sir George Nares and myself it would have been possible," said the commander, and then, explicitly, he put restrictions on further inquiry along this line.

He quoted a statement he had sent through the air on September 16, which was to the effect that he would pay no attention to "fake stories or side issues of any kind" until the main question of whether or not Cook had been to the pole had been settled. After that he would be willing to take up any matter he deemed worthy of his attention.

"This statement shows my position," he said, "and it must remain until a definite and detailed statement by Cook is out over his own signature."

Peary had risen from his seat of nets while he spoke and there was emphasis in every word. He remained standing for a minute, casting his eyes from place to place. Decidedly this was not the like of Cook's heckling at Copenhagen.

When they asked Peary if he intended continuing polar exploration in the future he replied that he would do all in his power to advance polar expeditions but that he would not take the field in person again.

"I will leave that to younger and better men," he said, but added that he expected to see his Eskimos again. He probably will take a summer excursion up to Smith sound before many years. The time was surely coming, the commander said seriously, it might be within five or ten years, when folks would go to Eskimo land on summer trips. Another question prompted a startling statement.

"I think that given the same conditions, the same equipment and the same men at their present age and strength I could get to the pole twice out of every three trials, just as Bartlett here is the only man who could put the Roosevelt through the ice to Cape Sheridan three times out of five."

Another question popped out of the half-light in front of Peary's seat and in answering he turned to Captain Bartlett.

"Don't ask me," came Captain Bob's thin voice. "I'd rather go up to the pole than be cross-examined."

Someone asked Peary to tell of the death of Ross C. Marvin, the member of the party who had been drowned in crossing thin ice. The tall man there by the window lowered his voice and answered. He cited the details already made public and he told of how Wardwell, his chief engineer had made a brass memorial tablet of a sheet of tubing and how McMillan had spent long hours engraving upon it this inscription:

"In memory of Ross G. Marvin, Cornell university, aged 31, drowned April 10, 1909, forty-five miles north of Cape Columbia, returning from 86.36 north latitude."

This tablet had been left on top of a cairn of feldspar, white and glistening as frozen tears back of Cape Sheridan.

In happier vein, Peary swung into the recitation of the likes of Whisky Oo-Que-Ah and fair Ewaloo. A shorter story this than that of Siegfried and Brunhilde, but brimming with interest that makes the world akin.

Oo-Que-Ah was an Etah husky and his lass lived in Annatok, twenty miles away. Her dad was an ogre of the ancient type and not a word would he hear of the Etah swain's protestations. An unpleasant custom prevails among the Eskimos which wills it that should a father object to a daughter's marriage, the lover may have the girl providing he can smuggle her away from the parental igloo without being caught, but if caught he is killed. Ewaloo's father was a strict abider by custom.

When Peary touched at Etah, Oo-Que-Ah wanted to smuggle his sweetheart aboard and then repel boarders from behind the Roosevelt stack. The commander said nay, better that Oo-Que-Ah come along, help discover the pole and then return to the igloo of his wished-for father-in-law, with a boat, a sledge, a rifle, a shot gun and ammunition to boot, a tent, and about three cords of walrus blubber. That would surely move the icy heart of the father.

Oo-Que-Ah followed the advice of the white chief who knows, and sailed away from his Ewaloo. Peary the cook, gave him his baptismal name because of his longing for strong drink, which was developed before he had been with the party long.

One day Ewaloo nearly lost her lover when he spied Matt Henson soldering a pot and using something out of a bottle in the operation. Only one thing came out of a bottle according to Oo-Que-Ah's observations of life. He stole the bottle and took a long drink of muriatic acid. Dr. J. W. Goodsell, the Roosevelt's surgeon had difficulty in pulling him through, but the recreant lover reformed his habits after that.

During the games on the ice at Cape Sheridan on Christmas, he won the 50-yard dash over all the Eskimo, thereby winning more fame for the waiting Ewaloo.

"And when we got back to Annatok," concluded the commander, "Whiskey Oo-Que-Ah got everything I had promised. He laid those things before the girl's father and he speedily relented. Whiskey came back to the Roosevelt with his bride and stayed with us until we got to Etah."

"Tell us something about some of the good times you had, if there were any," one of the group on the floor put in.

"How about Christmas or New Year's day?"

"Sure, there were good times," Peary answered, "and Christmas day was about the best. We spent that at latitude 82.30 in the Roosevelt at Cape Sheridan and it was in the middle of the Arctic night, but it was Christmas all right. I think it was McMillon who got up the field day wasn't it you Mac?" "Yes," came the voice of McMillan back in the gloom.

"Well, McMillan arranged the field day on the ice foot near the Roosevelt. It was black except for the star light and we marked off the course of the races with lanterns. There were two at the start, several along the 100 yards of smooth ice that made the course and two at the finish. We had separate races for Eskimo and whites, for the huskies can run as fast as a white man. Then we had one race for the women and another for the Eskimo children. You know we had seventeen women, seven boys and six girls along on the Roosevelt.

"Poor Marvin, I remember, won the third heat of the white man's race and in one of the Eskimo races Sigloo, my favorite boy, waddled over the ice in the lead. We had the most fun out of the race for the women, carrying babies in their hoods.

"There were three in that race as I recall, and Lu-Cul-Ah and her baby won. We all wanted to see the prizes she should choose. She had her pick of a box of four cakes of scented soap, two boxes containing needles and thread, and a thimble and a frosted cake but were floored when she chose the scented soap. That raised Lu-Cul-Ah about 50 per cent in our estimation."

"No, she didn't eat, she used it," laughed the commander when one of the correspondents wanted to trace the psychology of Lu-Cul-ah further.

"Then we had a tug of war between the men fore and aft and it ended with a big featst. Tell them what we had to eat, Matt."

Matt coughed apologetically, not liking being thrust into the limelight. From his seat on a salt barrel he then named over the menu of that feast at 82.30.

"Well, sir, I remember we had musk ox steak and hare and not to forget musk ox soup. Then we had Washington pudding and plum pudding brought from home—from down in America, and nuts and raisins and, and whisky, sir, and wine. After that cigars, and cigarettes and candy that Mrs. Peary had given before we sailed—plenty of candy, sir."

The commander then took up the tale again. He had received a surprise box delivered to Captain Bartlett before the Roosevelt left New York he said, and Captain Bob had promised Mrs. Peary not to give the commander his surprise box, which she provided until Christmas. The whisky had been the gift of Sir William McGregor, captain of Newfoundland. Mr. John Ayre of St. Johns, N. F., had supplied a great lot of candy, and a case of books from Archbishop Howley of St. Johns had completed the Roosevelt's store of presents.

"Altohgether it was the best Christmas," was the way the head of the Roosevelt's crew concluded his summary of the holiday joys "that I have ever had." Even before his interrogators had finished with him Commanded Peary said:

"I presume that our contributions to the science of geography and oceanography can be counted as perhaps the greatest results of the expedition. For instance, our soundings from Cape Columbia in Grant Land to the pole clean up and give an approximate outline of the bottom of the ocean from the top of the world and this advances and supplements the information of Nansen and Cagni.

"But there is one thing accomplished which is not in the province of science. The attainment of the pole is a sign of man's political conquest of the earth. As long as there remains a spot on the globe not attained by man, so long will there continue a reproach to the prowess of man. After the discovery of the north pole that of the south pole must follow as a natural sequence. But there has not been the sentiment and the weight of history behind the struggle for the south pole."

Peary said in answer to a question that he did not know what might be the disposition made of the Roosevelt. She would make a good revenue cutter, he said, or an ice breaker for New England harbors or she might be made by the Peary Arctic club a floating memorial of her own adventures like the Nansen ship Fram, or the Stella Polare, Abruzzi's ship.

This completed the interview with Peary in the stores loft. Just as the commander and correspondents were descending the stairs, a gray-haired gentleman in a red sweater ran up to the group and signalled out the representative of a Boston paper.

"I read your paper," said he, "tell me how the series between the Detrois and Bostons stands." The exiled fans said he was E. J. Sheldon of Boston.

The newspaper men raced in vain hope up the crag behind the town where the spindle pole of the wireless raises its web to the grip of the winds from Greenland. There they found Gordon Shackling, the young Nova Scotian, who for five days had slept four hours in each twenty-four, while giving Peary's message to the world. He smiled and took the correspondents copy almost mechanically.

Out to the ship the rest hurried counting each minute as freighted with value never to be had again. On the foreward deck were the photographers already man-handling Borup and McMillan and Hensen. The willing three at the request of the camera men had climbed into their kap-i-tah, their koo-le-tah and nan-yvoks, the fancy names for blue fox-skin and deer-skin coats, white-skin trousers, and they were posing on the three sledges that had gone the ninety degrees north with Peary.

Two wooley husky pups tumbled about their feet. Behind and around the men in their hairy garments was indescribable confusion and much dirt.

The detritus of the whole voyage and accumulation of months of shooting had to be removed before the Roosevelt can look like a respectable explorer.

Inside the ship in the companionway leading from the forward to the main deck, there are the marks of an approach to a tragedy—a neatly drilled bullet hole, and a mattress still blood covered.

Young Borup explained those holes and what had been the result of their making. It was on the night of August 11, he said, when the Roosevelt was making down the Baffin land coast that Peary had ordered one of the crew—Borup would not say, who—to clean one of the rifles that had been used in the walrus hunting a week before.

McMillan was asleep at the time in his bunk on the port side of the ship, two rooms from that in which the gun was bsing cleaned. He slept on his right side with his left arm thrown over his head. In ejecting a loaded shell from the rifle to be cleaned, the man who held the rifle accidentally exploded the shell. The bullet passed through the pine partition a few inches over the head of the man who was sleeping in the next room, on through the room and the farther partition.

It struck McMillen's left forearm, where it lay thrown across the face, tore the flesh down the arm to the arm to the waist, where it penetrated, thence it passed through his right shoulder and then through the fingers of the left hand which were clasping the shoulder.

When Dr. Goodsell examined McMillan's wound he found that extraordinary luck had visited the Worcester Academy professor. Not a bone was broken and no arteries were severed. But he still wears bandages.

From the lips of this quiet spoken unemotional man from Masachusetts came tales the like of which are rarely told. He stood in the center of a group of correspondents on the greased deck forward and as simply as he would recite the taking of a hazard or the toll of mallards in a shooting blind, he told of finding relics of men who had given up their lives in the pursuit of the aurora's end, and he read from the records dead men left behind them in the ice wilderness 25 years.

The correspondents halted in their note-taking and boggled their memoranda because of the spell of his words.

McMillan's first tale had to do with young Harry Whitney, the New Yorker who went up with the Roosevelt and remained in Etah over winter and his meeting with Dr. Cook, with the developments that followed. When the Roosevelt carrying the successful polar party returned to Etah in the early part of July of htis year, Whitney had been found there.

The New Haven man came aboard the Roosevelt and started down the coast with her. He transferred to the Peary relief ship Jeanie when the latter was met off Saunders Island, northbound.

"When he came aboard he stated that he met Cook in Etah in April," said McMillan, "but he spoke little about the man, saying only that he had passed through Etah after a two days' stop on his way up to Upernavik, on the south coast of Greenland.

He positively did not say anything about Cook having reached the pole, nor did he say that Cook had intrusted part of his data of exploration and his nautical instruments to his keeping.

We were no wiser on Cook's claim to prior idscovery of the pole after we had talked with Whitney than before we met him. Consequently we proceeded to our walrus shooting and we filled our Eskimos' larder with meat after several leisurely days' hunting.

As we were passing Cape York on August 30, we put ashore for letters which an Eskimo from the south had told us were waiting for us in a box on the top of a cairn on the shore Among the letters was one from Captain Walker of the English whaler, Morning of Dundee, Scotland.

"That letter told Commander Peary that Walker, the writer, had met Cook in the Smith Sound region late in the spring while the Morning was forcing her way northward.

Cook was then on his way to Upernavik, sledging alone with two Eskimos down from Etah. The letter continued that Cook had told Captain Walker of his discovery of the pole and had talked at length on the subject.

That was the first word Peary had on the subject of Cook's claim. After hearing this he made full speed for Indian Harbor, the northernmost wireless station in Labrador."

As McMillan was talking, Bos'n John Murphy and William Pritchard, able seamen, joined the group forward on the deck. Murphy and Pritcherd are the two whom Peary mentioned in his last letter to the navy department mailed at Etah on August 17, 1908, the day before the Roosevelt sailed for the north.

In this letter he had said that he was taking supplies for Dr. Cook, who had not yet appeared, and coal against the Roosevelt's return and that he had detached two men from his crew to guard these supplies.

Murphy was asked to supplement McMillan's story. He spoke unwillingly, evidently under previous admonition by Commander Peary. He said that last spring Cook and two Eskimos came to Etah very much fatigued and they only stayed there two days and then passed on to Upernavik. Cook talked little to them at the time.

"Anything more about Cook you will have to get from Commander Peary," was Murphy's abrupt termination of the interview. Pritchard added something to Murphy's story. He said that when Cook and his Eskimos arrived, Cook had a long talk with Whitney. The Eskimos' names Pritchard remembered as E-Tuck-A-Shoo and Ah-Pel-La. Phonetically very like the names Cook himself had given as those of his companions.

Cook was in a bad way, Pritchard said. He had lost all of his dogs and he and his two huskies were pulling their single sledge alone. Pritchard had asked the natives where they had come from and their reply nad been "far, far north" (the repetition of the adverb in this case is more a measure of distance than an expression of the superlative, says Dr. Greve, of the Grenfell mission), "that they had been a long time gone and had suffered much."

"I didn't have anything to do with Cook," said Pritchard. "But Murphy had some trouble with him over stores. Cook claimed he had some stores there, but Murphy said all the stores were Peary's and I don't think Murphy gave Cook any. Cook seemed to want to stay at Etah but after the trouble about the stores, he and his Eskimos left."

That was all Pritchard would say on the score of the much-discussed dispute between Cook and Peary over the possession of the Etah supplies.

McMillan took up again the thread of his adventures.

"Hardships" he echoed, "why, yes, there were some, but they were forgotten each night after we had turned into our snug igloos. The excitement of the whole thing far outweighed the dangers and, all in all, I don't believe you will find aman on the ship who realizes today that, what we considered just a bully good time has really been an event so important that you fellows chase us away up here to get the news of it. If they start to give us such a demonstration in New York we don't know how to take it, of that supposition I am certain."

The man who stood with his fur clad head leaning against the mast and his hands jammed into his pockets found the correspondents importunate.

They wanted all he had to tell. He shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly and began to speak of remarkable adevntures in the light of commonplaces.

"I had to turn back at 86 degrees because I had frozen one of my feea pretty badly. Others had said that McMillan had kept up with his frozen feet for days before Peary had ordered him back.

"You see, we wore deerskin socks and boots.

"We wore grass insoles. Should that grass slip otut and allow the feet to touch the sole of the boot, that in itself would freeze the foot. This is just what happened to me. I was ordered back to the Roosevelt and given orders to go with Marvin on a geodetic survey and todal measurement expedition to Cape Morris Jessup in North Greenland. But I had to take Borup instead of Marvin because before we started Eskimos had come to me to tell of Marvin's death. They have hung their heads in the telling and pointed downward and had repeated 'young ice, young ice.' We understood.

"One day before we left the Roosevelt for Greenland Borup and I tried a little stunt. There was a ribbon of open water near the ship and we stripped and plunged in. It was April 17, I remember, and the thermometer stood at 29 above. When we got out we found that the ice was not as cold as the water and we ran up and down on the ice sheet for four or five minutes, while the huskies yelled with laughter. They thought we were off our dot, first because we had taken a bath at all and then because of the manner of our taking it.

"On April 19, we left the ship for the trip across Grant Land and north Greenland to Cape Morris Jessup. We had six sledges and 48 dogs with four Eskimos who helped drive. We took provisions according to Peary's order to put in caches along the Greenland coast in case he might be carried thence on his return trip as he had been on his return from the 87.6 mark in 1906.

"On April 23 we crossed Robson channel and we reached Hand Bay and Hall land the next day. In four marches we made the distance, and reached Peary's cairn at Cape Washington which he had erected in 1900 at 83.30 on May 4, and we got to Cape Morris Jessup two days later.

"We had been following the route of the Lockwood Brainard party up as far as De Long fiord and one day we found directly in our path a linen cuff with the name 'Lockwood' penciled on the face of it. It had been there ever since Lockwood himself had passed that way and given up his life in the expedition. What it meant we guessed too well. A final message from a man lost and dying, perhaps.

"It was on May 8 that Karko and Wee-Shah-Ok-Sie, the two Roosevelt Eskimo, hurried up to us with a message from Peary. McMillan went to his bunk and returned with a worn sheet of paper, bearing the Roosevelt letter-head, It read:

"April 28, 1909: My Dear McMillan: Arrived on board yesterday. Northern trip entirely satisfactory. There is no need of Greenland depot. Captain Bartlett came aboard the 24th; concentrate all our energies on tidal observations and line soundings north from Cape Morris Jessup. Use intended supplies for me for this purpose.

(Signed) "Commander R. E. Peary."

"You can imagine how happy that letter made us," McMillan continued, "although it left so much unsaid. How successful had Peary's northern trip been? Did he mean that he had reached the pole? We hardly dared to believe it although we had both left him with conditions favorable for the achievement.

"We returned from Cape Morris Jessup to the ship as quickly as we could after completing our observations."

Here McMillan struck a new lead of narrative. He had smoothing funny to tell, although he didn't know how the correspondents were going to get it in the papers. It was about Up-U-Pee's baby.

It was the custom of the Eskimos to build a new igloo whenever they expected a visit from the arctic stork and the arctic mother usually moved to this igloo in time to have the fresh ice walls shelter the baby.

"Well, this Up-U-Pee heard the rustle of the stork wings during the wintering arctic on the Roosevelt, and her husband went out on the ice and erected the lying-in-igloo. Thither Up-U-Pee was moved, but the arctic bird of cheer tarried. Up-U-Pee was taken back to the Roosevelt forward on the quarters. Again a bit later she had to hurry to the igloo and still again the stork had the joke on her.

"Finally after Up-U-Pee had been thrice removed and thrice returned to the ship, the bird violated al Eskimo ethics and landed the babe on the Roosevelt.

"One of the Eskimo ladies who bore the title "Spring-heel Jack," was deeply scandalized at the occurrence.

"Oh, by the way, I haven't told you what I found at Fort Conger, have I?" he continued. "Well, you may find that interesting."

McMillan began as a prelude to his tale.

It was in November of 1908 when the Roosevelt was in winter quarters at Fort Sheridan that he and Borup had started south on a hunting expedition. When ninety miles from the ship in latitude 80.90 they had come on the basis of the Greeley expedition. Fort Conger it is called and here it was that the expedition had established a base of being landed from the Protius. The relief ship had been crushed in the ice and the consequent tragedy of slow starvation at Cape Sabine is common in the annals of Arctic exploration.

The two hunters came upon the old stronghold of the Greely [illegible] and fruit in the middle of the Arc[illegible] and elev- sometime in January. The s[illegible] the county; with its twenty-seven years manifested blanketing still stood as it present day left the day that the sorely but also by men of the Protius had forsaken to turn southward. Just a monument to the lure of the northland there alone in the mystery of a dead world.

McMillan and Borup entered the dead place after cutting through the snow banks blocking the door. They made a light and then they began to examine the relics of men who had died in the misery of Cape Sabine's shore or escaped death only by a grim margin of safety.

One thing they found was an empty trunk with the name of David Brainard on the cover. This McMillan dragged out of the hut and used to protect himself while taking observations.

Then in carefully written [illegible] as they found General Greeley's report of the food caches he had made throughout the vicinity of Lady Franklin sound. All very methodically and carefully entered yet ironical testimony to the fruitlessness of the information therein set forth.

In a chest they found General Greeley's dress uniform, brass buttons and gilt epaulets untarnished, and the navy cloth unfretted by moths.

The dress uniforms that other men had carried north with them in their vanity reposed in other chests. There were also cuff links, scarf pins and all sorts what-not of a man's toilet. Over one corner was a school text book, identically a boy's book which had seen much use. In a boyish hand on a fly-leaf were written some words, as McMillan had the page open correspondents copied:

"Lieut. Fred Kislingbury, to my dear father, from his affectionate son. May God be with you and return you safe to us. Harry Kislingbury.

Lieutenant Fred Kislingbury was one of the seventeen who also starved to death at Cape Sabine.

On an opposite leaf were the names of several students, evidently at Assumption college, Sandwich, Ontario, and the address, presumably of Harry Kislingbury, which was Fort Custer, Montana. Another of the dead lieutenant's books lay nearby. It was a hymnal of temperance songs and on the fly-leaf was this inscription:

"To Lieut. Frederick Kislingbury from his old friend and well wisher, the outhor, George W. Clarke, Detroit, Michigan, May 18, 1881."

Between the pages of a magazine of the date 1881 were plates that belonged to George W. Rice, the only photographer of the Greeley party. On the floor was a fugitive sheet of paper, closely written. It was a dope sheet on all the best performances of the trotting horses in America in 1880.

McMillan brought out from a [illegible] skin wallet another folded sheet of foolscap and spread it on top of one of the sledges.

"This may interest you also," he said, and the correspondents crowded their necks. There was a [illegible] some humorous speech that a [illegible]

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